



## Richard Jackson

Hauser & Wirth *West End*

West Coast artist Richard Jackson hijacks dreary process art and diverts it to bizarre territory, commenting along the way on the excesses of abstract expressionism. In early work, canvases loaded with paint were rubbed against walls to create blurry frescos. These days, machines (including a model plane filled with acrylic paint which was crashed into a wall) are employed to render the macho heroics of action painting ridiculously convoluted. Here, the closest you'll get to an actual painterly experience is to watch four videos projected on to canvas. Each shows a different view from the inside of the pale pink container located in the middle of the room. It's pretty gory in there; standing on a stool, his head thrown back, a bright red male mannequin brandishes an erection

which, presumably, was used to splatter paint on to the walls, floor and a couple of female dolls. In the vault downstairs is a double cage that contains two plastic figures—a white bear and, in the other half, a black female. Embracing through the bars, they could be lovers or brawlers. Each has a tube up its arse that is connected via a compressor to a bucket of paint; the bear has dribbled white paint over the woman's thigh and she has responded by vomiting a few splats of black down the bear's back.

The installations come across as humorous explorations of painting's continuing\* relevance. However, you might get the impression that, secretly, Jackson wishes he were living in less cynical times – when artists could get on with the business of being broad-shouldered, genius-painters unhindered by all this fidgety, frontal-lobe activity.

*Martin Coomer*